

Veterans Creations

Works from the residents of the New Hampshire Veterans Home

R. DOUCETTE



The Brook

There is a lovely little brook running down through our field and into the woods beyond. Long ago it was named Meadow Brook, but either my husband's father or grandfather changed the name to their family name. So it is Emerson Brook now.

When I was younger — 40 or 50 or 60 — I could run down across the field and find a place where the brook was fairly narrow and I would stop for a minute then jump over it. Then one day I stepped at the edge of the brook and I had lost my jumping spirit, as it seemed wider than it used to be. So I stepped on a rock in mid-stream and then another step to the other side.

It doesn't seem like much of a life change, but now as I look back from many years later, it was. There was a life when I could run down across the field and jump over the brook and then there was a time years after, when I could never jump over the brook again. Maybe I could have done it but somehow I couldn't get up the courage to try.

I am much older now and my wheelchair and my walker are part of my life. But there are many things I can do. I can think clearly, read and write very well and do puzzles if they are fairly easy. I have wonderful conversations with friends and neighbors. And I have a great big wonderful family that I see often. I am 96 years old and I have had a good life — even if I can't jump over the brook.

Okie Hoare

Spring, 2015

The Brook

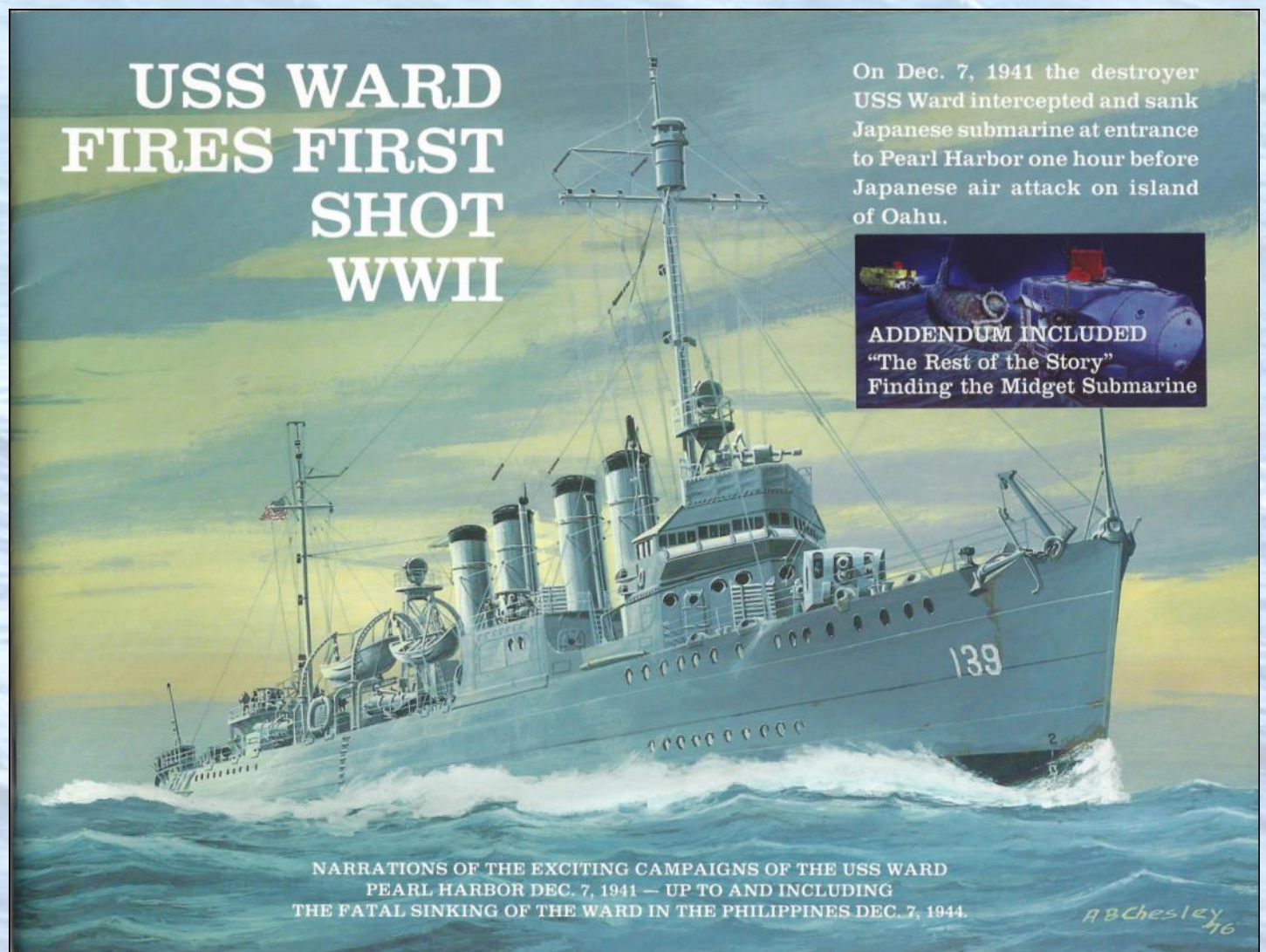
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Okie Howe



My Time in the Service

John Noonan

Part 2

I left there and went to San Francisco Naval Transfer station, Treasure Island.

From there I boarded a troop ship that took us to Noumea, New Caledonia, Naval Base. We were ordered to do work details until the ship called for us to board them as ship's company. It took at least two weeks time.

One day my name came up on the bulletin board to get ready to go to Guadalcanal, across the bay to Teligiua where I boarded the USS Ward, my first Naval Vessel. As I boarded the ship, General Quarters was sounded; we had to go to battle stations and recover the Army troops. Guadalcanal was Marines; they gave it up to the Army. The Japanese had invaded the other side and we had to recover the Army and evacuate them.

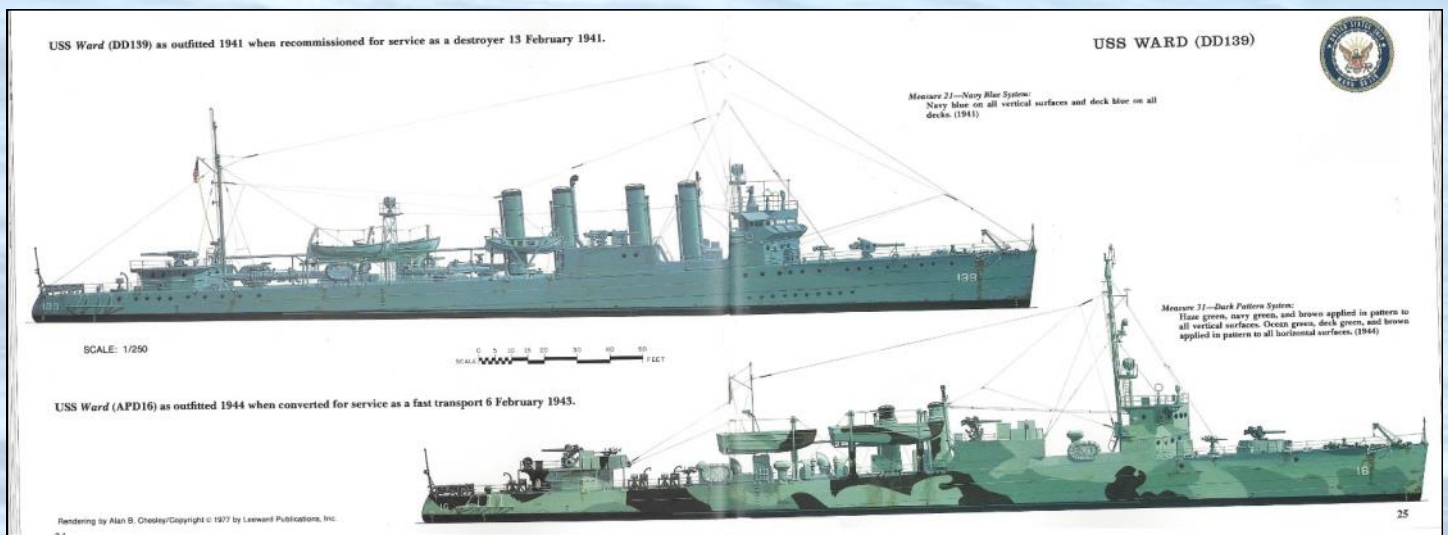
When they boarded the ship I didn't have my bag unpacked: I

had nothing. I asked the Officer what I should do. You salute the Officer when you report to the ship "Reporting for Duty aboard the USS Ward." Then the General Quarters sounded. I had no place to go, no assignment. The Officer told me to stand there and direct the Army where to go until we got them all aboard.

Then I was assigned a bunk below deck. Part of ship's company, I was then an official member of the crew of the USS Ward. After that, it was picking up troops at Guadalcanal and dropping them off at islands up North to fight off the Japanese until we got to Bougainville.

All of our landings were on Sundays or Holidays. Bougainville was the day before Christmas, I will always remember that. We had a successful landing of our own ship and returned to our base at Teligiua. Then we were sent over to New Guinea to make landings along the eastern coast of New Guinea. They were successful until the invasion of the Philippines came about. We were to lead the largest flotilla of ships to invade the Philippines. That was in October.

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We came back and escorted some other troop ships from New Guinea. We encountered kamikaze diving on all of our ships. They were very scary. The words game over the phone from the bridge "fire at will they do not intend to pull out."

That was the reinforcement, after we had secured Leyte Island. We were ordered to pick up troops in an overnight run, which we did.

They were successful landings, but then the Japanese attacked our ships; We were victims. We were headed to help the Mahan that was hit and sinking, then they directed their attention on us, three of them headed our way. The first two missed, the third one hit at the water line. The Japanese plane's motor hit starboard and went out the other side. She was burning and our captain ordered us to "Abandon Ship" which we did.

I got off my gun mount and went to the life preserver locker and they were all gone. There were probably 20 crew members on deck to man the two 20 mm and the main battery #4 of 3 inch 50 calibers. I was repeating the orders from the bridge to the crew members. It was abandon ship. They went off their duties and went for life preservers. I opened it and they were all gone. I crawled down on the propeller guide and a boat came around and picked me up, I never got my feet wet. That was a divine happening.

Somewhere along the line I'm the only one from NH that served on that ship. The crew of the Ward all survived.

The strange part was that the Ward was not sunk, but she was damaged beyond repair. She was sunk by a salvo of the USS O'Brien ordered by Captain Outerbridge. Outerbridge was the Captain of the Ward December 7, 1941. He ordered the first shot of WWII against the Japanese two-man submarine headed for the Harbor. An hour before Japanese hit Pearl Harbor he was on the Ward.

At that time, he was the Captain of the O'Brien, the late model destroyer, which was his first operation in the Pacific being that he had served in the Atlantic. He gave the order to fire a salvo into the Ward, which was burning out of control. Then the ship's crew boarded mine sweepers and other destroyers. We returned to Kolombangara, Hollandia and New Guinea, where Captain Farwell gathered his crew together and transported them on the Matsonia to San Francisco.

The war was over for most of us, being that we were survivors of Kamikazes. We all went to different duty stations. I was assigned to Boston Naval Yard. I had three years in the Navy, one year getting ready, one year of active duty, and one year to cool off and discharge.

V-J Day was coming close and some of us Navy men were given notice that we were no longer useful, therefore we needed to be prepared to accept an Honorable Discharge, which did arrive in January 1945.

It was then that I made plans to marry the girl of my dreams, Mary Pope, my high school sweetheart. The last of my Divine Intervention!!!

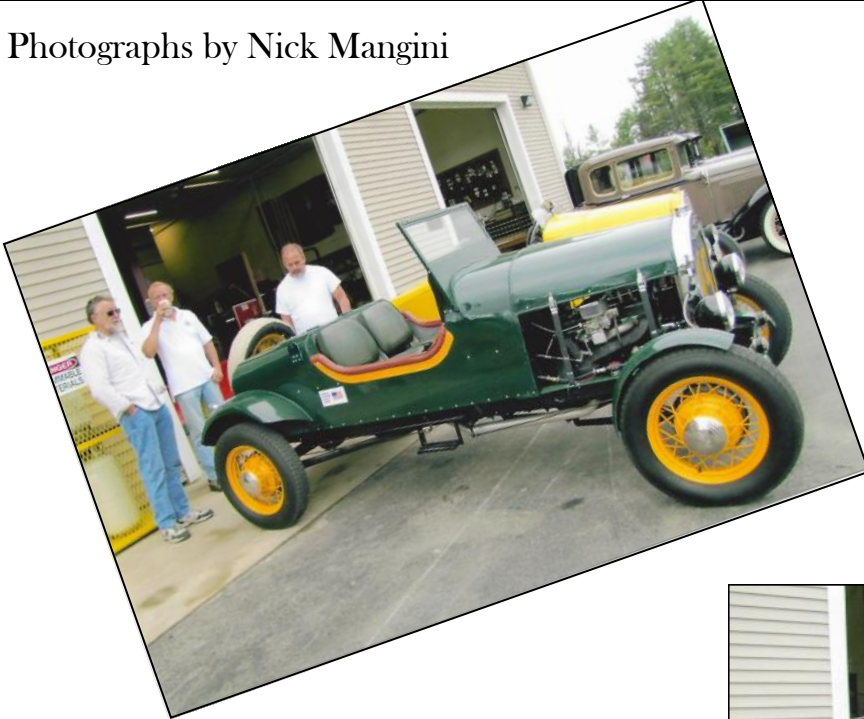
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Ray Plummer



Photographs by Nick Mangini



IMAGINATION: New Worlds of Discovery

Until the world closed in on us and restricted our inherent freedom, imagination and creativity were active ingredients in each one of us. Whatever happened to our open, unfettered imagination; our capacity and eagerness to dream dreams, to exercise visions of greatness and to accomplish feats with complete abandon and against all odds?


Unfortunately, in our growing up process, modern day computer dependency and high tech advancements have tended to school creativity and imagination out of us. We have been compelled to conform to the parameters and restrictions the world has imposed upon us. To be free of these limitations we must get back to basics and learn to exercise our natural capacity to invoke creative thinking.

“Creative thinking” is defined by Webster as, “the ability to be productive through imaginative skills.” “Imaginative” skills, not technological or administrative skills.

To develop these “imaginative skills”, we must leave the world of limits and restrictive parameters, reject traditional “common sense” and deliberately break the bonds of accepted thinking. We must embark on what will be the most exciting adventure imaginable and explore new areas of discovery.

In this adventure, we will be completely alone. We will step out into new territories where there are no road maps, charts or blueprints to follow. There is nothing ahead of us but the excitement of discovering new horizons of unlimited achievement and invoking the kind of creativity that existed (and worked!) long before time and technology distorted its simplicity and relevance.

“Imagination,” according to Webster, is “the act or power of forming mental images of something not present to the senses or never before wholly perceived.” All the criteria for creativity are embodied in this one word: IMAGINATION! What cannot be imagined?!



The range and flexibility of your imagination is virtually without limit. It is free of all limitations and restrictions. There is only one rule that pertains to your imagination and that rule is that there are no rules. You imagination is limited only by your imagination. In your imagination you are the absolute reigning monarch. You have absolute control over the images of your imagination. Here in your imagination you can fry ice and dribble footballs with absolute control and balance. Imaginative concepts do not control you; you control them. They are forever ready and willing to obey your every command and instruction and do so instantaneously without offering any resistance. They initiate no action of their own but allow you to entertain the abstract or bizarre without passing judgments or criticisms. Because like begets like, we must be alert to entertain only those mental images that are positive and productive. Negative concepts will produce negative results.

Open your thought to be responsive to the new ideas and concepts as you exercise your “power of forming mental images (ideas) of things not present to the senses...” Miracles take place in your imagination.

No wonder Einstein said, “Imagination is more important than knowledge”!

With the power of your imagination you are truly on the cutting edge of real progress and the controller of destinies.

Little wonder that Napoleon said, “Imagination rules the world”!

Creative thinking, “the ability to be productive through imaginative skills,” is pivotal to the productivity and success of any endeavor. Particularly when you realize that Webster defines “productive” as “the establishment of results, benefits and profits.”

Davis Goss’s book, “The Science of LIVING BETTER FOREVER,” outlines the details of his unique problem solving methods that are based solely on scientific laws and principles.

Mr. Goss has been a creative consultant for 60 years with particular expertise in problem solving and graphic design.



"The Fly and The Flea"

John Noonan

It was a gloomy day when the fly and the flea were caught in the flue of the chimney, when all of a sudden the fly saw a stream of light coming in through a crack in the flue. So the fly said to the flea, "let us fly through the flaw in the chimney." "No" said the flea, "you're too big and you will get stuck." So the flea said "let me fly through the flaw in the flue in the chimney." After a meeting it was a final decision: the flea gave in and said "yes," so they fled through the flaw in the flue!!!





Ray Doucette



Ray Plummer

Handling Financial Pressures

We are told that the world economy is in serious trouble. This conviction is supported by experts, analysts and financial scholars who make their views known in newspapers, and on radio, television and the internet. This situation impacts the mindset of each one of us individually. "Mindset" is defined by Webster as, **"a mental attitude that influences and determines events and circumstances"**.

Guess what. The law of "like begets like" works! The mindset of lack, limitation and depletion of resources manifests itself in like conditions. It's a self-fulfilling prophecy. Your mindset doesn't make any value judgments. It manifests whatever it is told; good or bad. It is the law!

People are accepting the world belief in lack of resources. This is challenged by the fact that we live in an infinite universe that, by definition is, **"the whole body of things without limit or exception and accruing everywhere"** (Webster). This is a classic example of the phenomenon of opposites. As detailed throughout my writings, opposites cannot coexist. One is real and true; the other is unreal and fraudulent.

The unlimited abundance of the universe and the laws and principles that govern it represent what Webster defines as, **"the creative and controlling forces of the universe."** As such they cannot be successfully challenged, debated, circumvented or altered.

You see this phenomenon at work when you balance your checkbook. If you make an error in your calculations, it will not balance. Knowing that the laws governing mathematics are inviolable, you take your thought off the conditions of the error and apply the rules of mathematics. This destroys any and all opposite, fraudulent concepts that claim to challenge it. The law is absolute!

Dr. Einstein tell us that **"no problem can be solved from the same level of consciousness that created it. We must learn to see the world anew."**

The universal problem of lack, limitation and depleted resources can never be resolved while we are accepting it as a real and valid concept. We must see the situation from a different perspective if we ever want to resolve it.

Understand this: You cannot experience anything other than that of which you are consciously aware. Try it! The only place you experience a lack of supply is within your own individual consciousness. It is YOUR conscious

awareness and YOU are alone in your experiencing it.

Anything that appears to be external to this conscious awareness is, according to Webster, “fraudulent and fictitious; an unreal illusion.” Until you can see this, your efforts to “get more supply” will be tantamount to trying to put water into the mirage in the desert or trying to straighten out the railroad tracks that appear to converge at the horizon.

Remember, because your sense of lack **is not real**, any effort to “correct” the situation means that you still believe there is a real situation to correct and that it is a real power over which you must gain control. There is a slogan I have in my Thought Box that reminds me that “When you react to appearances, you are not in control”.

Money is not your supply. Money is one form your sense of supply takes; it is an effect of your mindset. The real nature of supply is not unlike honesty, love, gratitude, etc. Although intangible, they are real and cannot be depleted. They are infinite and omnipresent. You can prove this in your own experience by maintaining a conscious awareness of it to the exclusion of anything else.

When this conscious incorporeal sense of abundance dominates your mindset, you find it manifesting itself in appropriate forms. Remember, you are not trying to correct a fraudulent illusion and trying to make it real. Your focus must be on being quiet and allowing the “controlling forces of the universe” to express themselves in your experience. You are simply an observer and must be responsive to its directives.

Over the years, my wife and I have proven their laws and principles to be valid and demonstrable when properly implemented. We prove them in our experience every day. When it appeared that we had lost our house and everything in it to hurricane Katrina, we maintained this proper mindset.

By knowing the true substance of “things” to be infinite, intangible substance and that nothing of any real value can be taken from us, harmonious “events and circumstances” unfolded in seemingly miraculous ways. We wound up in a new, fully furnished apartment in New England where the “events and circumstances” comprising our life experiences continue to unfold harmoniously. We had again proven the validity of this principle and found that what the world calls “miracles” are simply natural laws and principles in operation.

Davis Goss, 'Ideaguy'



Ray Doucette

Planting Dandelions!

Let me tell you first about how old New England families felt about dandelions. After a hard, cold winter of shoveling, digging, keeping the fire going in all the stoves and feeding the family, then finally the snow is gone, the grass is green and everything looks like spring. Although no fresh vegetables were available all winter, the thought of some nice fresh dandelion greens was good.

Dandelions are everywhere; the bigger plants just budded and are nice and green. All you need is a sharp knife and a pail; you keep on digging, being careful to get only the best.

Then sit on the porch steps in the sunshine and clean them. It's a long job, they are full of grass and leaves and dirt. Cut the root off just right so the dandelion plant sticks together. Then wash and wash and wash till the greens seem clean.

Then get a good sized piece of salt pork and add to the kettle of greens, boil until tender and you have a wonderful, tasty meal.

Now back to the story. My husband, Clayt had plowed and harrowed a large piece of land in back of our house. It had gotten pretty run down and needed re-fertilizing and planting. It was all ready to sow the grass seed and have a fine crop of grass again.

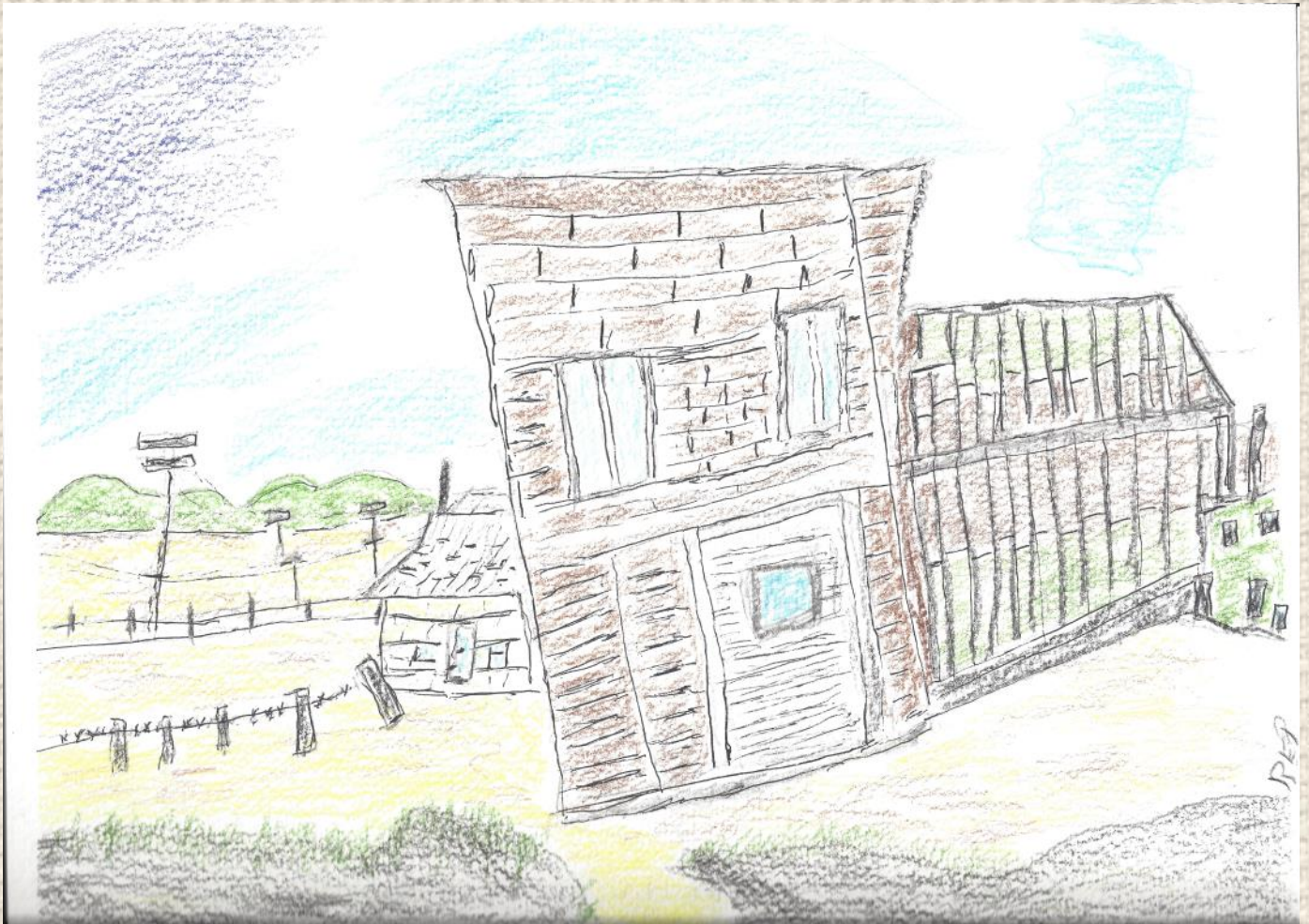
But wait a minute -- he remembered how wonderful the kettle of dandelions and salt pork tasted, so he bought a packet of dandelion seeds to sow with the grass seeds. So he planted the dandelion seeds with the grass seed. The world is full of dandelions but Clayt only remembered the wonderful kettle of dandelions cooked with a nice piece of salt pork.

If you drive by our house in Gaza in the early spring and look out in the field in back of our farm house, you will see plenty of dandelions blooming in the fine green field.

So for generations to come there will be plenty of spring time greens to eat. I wonder if the next generation will treasure them enough to dig a few and clean, wash and cook them with a nice piece of salt pork?

No one but Clayt ever planted dandelions. Times have changed.

Okie Howe



Ray Plummer



A Good Joke

I think everyone should have a good joke stored away in their mind for a light occasion. Here's mine:

An old cowboy rode his tired old horse into an old western town, dismounted and tied his horse to the post in front of the saloon. He went into talk to the bartender. He explained that his horse was very thirsty but he only liked Martinis. He asked the bartender to mix up a pail of Martinis for his horse. The horse still seemed thirsty so the old cowboy went back in the saloon and explained to the bar tender that he would need another pail of Martinis for his horse. The bar tender fixed the second pail of Martinis and the old cowboy took it out for his horse. Then he came back in to pay the bill. He was about to leave when the bar tender said to him "You mean to say you gave your horse two pails of Martinis and you don't want me to give you one drink for the road?" The old cowboy looked kind of sad and he said "I sure would like one for the road, but I can't drink 'cause you see, I'm driving".

Okie Howe

ICING ON THE CAKE

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE
STAFF AND RESIDENTS OF
THE NEW HAMPSHIRE
VETERANS HOME FOR
VOLUNTEERING TO HELP A
GOOD CAUSE

Memorial Day

May 30, 2014



New Hampshire State
Veterans Cemetery
Boscawen, N.H.

Albums compiled by Bill Bertholdt

Medal of Honor Recipient Sammy L. Davis

At Coffee Social
Wednesday, Oct. 15



Davis, a retired Army Sergeant First Class who received the nation's highest military honor for his actions in battle with the North Vietnamese at Cai Lay in November, 1967, will speak and meet residents and staff during the coffee social in Tarr South dining room around 10:15 a.m.

His military career was said to have inspired the movie character Forest Gump, and footage of his Medal of Honor award ceremony was used in the 1994 film of the same name, with actor Tom Hanks' head superimposed over his.

RE-CREATION

August 5th, 2014

2:30pm







We called it Decoration Day
When I was just a kid
And up 'til now, I never knew
Exactly why we did.

I always thought that it referred
To stripes that soldiers earned
Or stars and bars for officers,
But that's not what I learned.

I googled it to double-check
And found out I was wrong.
The "decorations" were for graves
And have been all along.

For each serviceman who fought
And lost his life in sacrifice,
Just a marker on his resting place
Would simply not suffice.

So as tribute and remembrance,
With a flag or a bouquet,
We should beautify a soldier's grave
On Decoration Day.

No matter what you call it,
When our flag is flown half-mast,
Take a moment for reflection
On our soldiers who have passed.

Hlene Bauer

www.citizen.com

THE VOICE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE'S LAKE



NEW HAMPSHIRE VETERANS HOME Commandant Margaret 'Peggy' LaBrecque and staffer Kris Hillson are drenched by ice cubes and freezing water during the ALS Ice Bucket Challenge at the facility Friday afternoon. More than \$425 was collected through donations for the ALS Association at the event.

Ice, ice baby

NHVVH raises funds for ALS cause

By ED PIERCE
epierce@citizen.com

TILTON — It is said that people from the Granite State have both fire and ice running through their veins, but on Friday afternoon all that some of them could see at the New Hampshire Veterans Home was ice cubes — and lots of them.

In just one day's time, staff members at the veterans home put together an event called the "ALS Ice Bucket Challenge" that helped raise more than \$425 for the Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis Association.

NHVVH staffers collected donations for ALS and then gathered in the facility's courtyard to be drenched by buckets of ice cubes and freezing water.

As 30 veterans home residents watched, about a dozen staffers and a resident who volunteered to get wet were soaked by other staffers.

"I've never done this before, but I was willing to take up the challenge for a really good cause," said NHVVH Commandant Margaret "Peggy" LaBrecque. "We found out that we have a staff member here whose son died of ALS, so we're happy to help."

LaBrecque said the initial sensation of having a bucket of ice dumped over her head was "chilling."

Two individuals earned the honor of drenching LaBrecque by virtue of donating the most money.

Kris Hillson, an information technology staffer, donated \$100, but chose to receive a bucket of ice along with LaBrecque instead of being an ice bucket pourer.

"I have to admit it, I have nerve damage so it really didn't bother me that much," Hillson said. "It got me a spot next to Peggy."

Paula Berthold, the wife of veterans home resident Bill Berthold, helped drench LaBrecque after the couple made a generous donation to the ALS Association.

Amyotrophic lateral sclerosis, also known as ALS or Lou Gehrig's disease.

See ICE, AS





Contributors

BILL BERTHOLDT served for 2½ years in the U.S. Air Force, his last assignment was at the former Portsmouth Air Force Base. He was born in Los Angeles and has been living in New England for over 57 years and loving every minute of it! Bill has been married to a wonderful woman, Paula, for the past 43 years and is working for more!

RAYMOND DOUCETTE served in the U.S. Air Force during WWII from 1942 to 1947. He was born in Somerville, Mass. A retired master electrician, Ray also enjoys fishing, golf, spending time with his family and attending Manchester Monarch games.

DONALD DAVIS GOSS is nicknamed “Dave” from his mother’s maiden name, Davis. Familiarly known as the “IDEAGUY,” he was a creative consultant for more than 60 years and is currently writing his second book. Dave’s family includes his son, daughter, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Dave’s wife Marilyn died last May after a long illness.

OKIE HOWE served in the U.S. Army during World War II from 1942 to 1945. She was born in Okanogan, Wash.. She enjoys reading, Tai Chi, Writing Group, exercise groups and Mentors. She also enjoys writing poetry and she has her own blog at the following URL: <http://poemsbyokie.wordpress.com/>

NICK MANGINI is an Army Veteran of the Korean Conflict. Nick has been an avid photographer for years; he also enjoys being outdoors and watching the History Channel.

JOHN NOONAN was born and raised in Manchester, N.H. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. Prior to retiring he managed a shoe pattern shop and did a lot of woodworking. He enjoys intergenerational programs, music, socializing with peers and games.

RAY PLUMMER is a U.S. Army veteran of World War II. He served from 1943 to 1945. He passed away in February 2015.



An “inspiration box” from Davis Goss